

THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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THE MONTH OF JUNE.

MONTH of June,
Roses gay,
Blossoms bright,
Deck your way.

We are glad
You are here,
With your beauty,
With your cheer.

Soft the air,
With odors sweet,
See the blossoms
At our feet.

Laps and baskets
We can fill,
Or can twine
A wreath at will.

The Nursery.

For The Dayspring.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

FOR VERY LITTLE ONES.

"ROBIN-REDBREAST in the tree,
Merrily, merrily singing,
Robin-redbreast bright and free,
Merrily, merrily singing,
Tell, oh truly tell to me,
What's the song you're singing."

High up in the leafy tree,
Merrily, merrily singing,
Thus the robin answered me,
Merrily, merrily singing,
"I've a nest with young ones three,
To them I'll be winging."

A. M. G.

For The Dayspring.

HOW TO BE BRAVE.

BY ELLEN T. LEONARD.



H, if you're *afraid*, you can go back, and I'll have the glory all to myself, to say nothing of the nuts. You always were a regular coward about getting into a muss!" and Frank looked scornfully about among the trees, which were so thick just there they were obliged to stop.

"I'd like the chestnuts as well as you, but I don't see where the glory comes in,—making two dolts of ourselves coming out here one of these short afternoons, when we ought to have had a full day for it," answered Tony, after a pause in which I think he must have swallowed something in his throat very like a hot word.

"Andy declared I would n't dare try it, 'cause 'twas such a long tramp. He did n't know what I was made of!" boasted Frank, when in truth Andy had evidently known better than Frank himself. "I won't be stumped by Andy Milligan! And now we're here I'm bound to find the nuts," he added, suddenly taking his hands from his pockets and plunging anew into the woods.

"Did Andy really say he had found them here himself?" inquired Tony, following.

"Not just those words, but he said a fellow he knew used to come here for them."

"Oho! Lots of folks go *a-hunting*! Did he bring any away with him when he came?"

"Do you think I don't know *anything*?" demanded Frank, with some wrath, stopping short and facing Tony.

"I think I'll not follow you much further. You see the sun's 'most down and we're a good three miles from home."

"Let's drive on to those trees off there,—they look like the ones. If we don't find any there, we'll go home. 'T is getting late, I declare!"

Frank was the leader in all the "scrapes" at school, and prided himself upon a certain kind of bravado which generally helped him out of them in better order than would have been expected. He was also noted for playing jokes upon his mates. He had evidently made Andy a victim of his tricks one time too many; for he had turned upon Frank, and succeeded, in this experiment, in showing him how good it was. He had dared him to go to a thick wood a few miles away in a certain direction, where, as Frank and his cousin Tony had lived in the town but a few months, he had made him believe he would find a quantity of chestnuts. Frank's little sister had begged in vain that he would stay and play in the barn with her awhile before he went

off with the boys. He could n't stop, and as she was not going to let herself be wretched on this account, she betook herself straight to the woodshed, soon had a thriving row of long-necked squashes arranged for a class, and, with a birch-bark spelling-book, was devotedly hearing the lessons of her blooming scholars. Frank had much better have been playing committeeman to this flourishing array of students, than plunging about among the trees in Lyman's Woods, hunting for what was not there.

They gave it up at last and turned their energies toward getting home. This proved to be more of an undertaking than they expected. They had lost all remembrance of the path at first followed, and now could not find it again. The only safe way they could do was to go toward the sun, for the village where they lived was just west of the woods. Before they found the path the sky had clouded over thickly, the sun had gone down, and they were getting more and more puzzled, when they came upon something they were not looking for.

Such a strange little figure it was; they hardly knew what to make of it. A small, queer-looking boy stood watching them inquiringly. His face was very plain, and his body deformed so that it looked almost wider than it was long.

"Who or what are you?" cried Frank, not perhaps unkindly, and yet not what Tony thought kindly.

"Are you lost? Can't you find your way?" asked the boy, whose name was Karl, without regarding the question.

"Yes, we are lost—at least we haven't found the path," replied Tony. "We live in Readville, and that is just west of here, so we are going toward the sunset for a guide."

"But if you live at Readville you are a long way from home. You must have been wandering about quite a while?"

"Oh, no," Frank said quickly, not liking to own he was lost; "we did n't start for home till a few minutes ago, and then we found we were a little mixed. We're all right now, I suppose?"

"It would be better to let me show you the nearest cut to the edge of the wood," said Karl. "I know the way all round here and can leave you on the straight road for home. I live just beyond that cluster of trees. We'll stop there a minute, and mother will give us some bread and honey for supper. That will make us feel more like taking the tramp."

Perhaps there was magic to Frank in the word "supper," for he did not say he "guessed he could find the way out alone," as he was about to do, but followed in silence, while Tony expressed their thanks heartily.

Karl led the way to a rough-looking hut a little further on, where a great many trees had been cut down and room made for a small garden. Rough as the house was outside, it was very neat and cheery inside. Karl's mother came toward the door, and when he told

her how it was with the boys, she said she was very glad he happened to find them.

Tony thought she reminded him of his own mother, who had died a few years before. She was very kind, but so quiet and pale.

Their supper quite refreshed them, and though it took but a few minutes to eat it, they found it almost dark when they started again. At the edge of the woods Karl stopped, saying,—

"Here is the road. Keep straight on till you come to the old red mill, then turn to the left, and you will find the way without any trouble."

"Thank you. I hope you'll come and see us some day. Father'll be glad too, to have you come. You are very good to take so much trouble for us," added Tony.

"I'm glad if I could help you; and it's no trouble."

"Yes, do come," said Frank. "We'll have some gay times."

Karl shook his head slowly, "You would n't be so glad to see me when you had other boys with you. They'd laugh at me."

"They should n't!" cried Frank stoutly. "I'd thrash 'em!"

Karl laughed as he bade them good-by; and watching their straight boyish figures as they walked quickly away, the tears came into his eyes while the great wish swelled in his heart that he might have grown like other boys. But he put them bravely away, thinking, "At least, I am good for one thing,—to make mother happier and more comfortable. She would miss me very much." Yet there was a dumb ache in his heart as he thought it, for the sad truth that his mother was fast slipping away from him was daily forcing itself upon him. What was to become of him he did not know, and sometimes he would have said he did not care.

Tony often thought of Karl after their adventure in the woods, and wondered how he was getting along. Frank's attention was pretty fully taken up for a while in fighting off the fun that was made of him for his "wild-goose chase." So, as they did not go to the woods again, and Karl never went to the village they lived in, there being a nearer one in another direction, they heard nothing of him till one day, nearly a year later, as Tony was coming home from school, he saw a group of boys and heard shouts of laughter.

"Ho, ho! Frank! Dumpy's an old friend of yours, is he? Says you were at his house once, and asked him to come and see you."

"Good joke!" shouted another.

"I did n't! He lies!" cried Frank hotly.

"Mistake somewhere, Dumpy," said a third, patting him impertinently just as Tony joined them.

"So you've come at last, have you, Karl!" cried he cordially, entering the group and putting the boys away with no small energy. "I'm glad to see you."

The boys fell back at this hearty greeting, and before their surprise was over Tony added,—

"He found Frank and me that time we were lost in Lyman's Woods, gave us some supper, and went most home with us." Frank slipped away quickly.

"Good for him!" came in an appreciative tone from one of the boys.

"I did n't mean anything," said another, looking shamefacedly away.

"Come, Karl," said Tony, taking his arm into his own, "you must go home with me. My father and Aunt Jenny will be glad to see you, for I told them all about you."

Frank's supper was certainly not the right kind that night, for he could n't eat it with any relish. He kept thinking of Karl's white face, and the more he thought of it, the more ashamed of himself he felt, till at last his mother asked him what was the matter.

"I believe I'm the meanest boy out!" he answered suddenly. Frank was a good-hearted boy, and as he recalled how Tony had won favor for Karl by his hearty greeting and open explanation, and how, when he fearlessly appealed to their better impulses, the boys had readily responded, he caught a glimpse of a truer bravery than ever he had tried to win.

His father looked up from his paper at Frank's exclamation, with the words,—

"There's hope for you, if you have come to that decision yourself."

"Tell us what you mean," said his mother.

Then Frank told them how the boy who helped Tony and himself out of the woods had come to the village; how the boys had laughed at him, and Frank, being afraid they'd make fun of him too if he took the boy's part and told the truth, had been very angry and declared he had never seen him.

"You could hardly have done a meaner act, truly."

"Where did the boy go?" asked his father anxiously.

"Tony came up and said he was glad to see him, and took him home with him."

"What do you wish to do about it?"

"I will go right over to Tony's now, if you are willing, and say how sorry I am, and ask him to come to our house."

"We will all go over in the morning and ask him to come and make us a visit."

When they went to Tony's in the morning, they found that Karl's mother had died, and he was quite alone in the world. Frank begged so hard for him to come and live with them, that his father did not refuse. Frank and his sister were never quite so happy as after Karl came to live with them. He joins Annie in many of her plays, and often helps Frank in his lessons, for they are in the same class. He studied at home a long time before he would go into the school, but when he did go, he became quite a favorite. He greatly enjoys watching their hardy out-of-door games, and rainy days he keeps them interested in the stories he can tell.

For The Dayspring.

A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



SOME of our boys and girls may be surprised that a lesson in good manners comes to us from a tribe of Indians in the far West. We give here an extract from a letter from an agent in charge of the Fox Indians who are of the Muskowgee tribe. That name sounds a little outlandish and "barbarous," but it is a Muskowgee who complains of the ill manners of our school-boys.

From a letter from Tama Co., Iowa.

"Our old Indians are very much opposed to schools and any kind of missionary work among them, and I meet with great opposition in my efforts to teach and enlighten them. They say our schools spoil their children; they want to bring them up in their own way, and make them good and upright men according to their rules and opinions. They say whenever they pass one of our schoolhouses during recess, the boys will pelt them with mud-balls and set the dogs on them; they think schools should teach better manners. A few weeks since, while visiting Washington with a delegation of chiefs, I took two chiefs to visit the Smithsonian Institute, and while returning, some school was let out, and the boys followed us and pelted the Indians with apples until we got out of their reach. The old chief remarked that was the way we educated our boys, — to be ill-mannerly to strangers; he said if your people were to visit our town, their children would never utter a word, but behave with the utmost decorum."

Our boys will see how great evil arose from a bad example. The ill manners of a few schoolboys have made a whole tribe of Indians distrust our schools. Now we all of us know that this is a mistake of the Indians, and that boys are not taught at our schools to pelt strangers with mud-balls, and it does not form a part of their instruction. On the contrary, our teachers give many good and practical lessons in good manners from which we see gratifying results.

But is it not true that if some of this tribe of Fox Indians were to visit us in Boston, this week, they would be followed, in passing through the streets, by an unmannerly set of boys, who, though they might not "pelt them with mud-balls," would hoot at them, tag along at their heels, or make fun of them, in a way not to be misunderstood even by such a stranger as a Muskowgee?

We are apt to consider the French as our teachers in politeness and elegance of manners. A late French writer has expressed himself very satirically on this point. Any one who should stop to stare at another would prove himself, he declares, not only a bore, but no gentleman. The Indians and the French critic agree, then, on this subject. It is not the flinging of mud-balls only that would be objected to, but the offence of standing in the street "to stare" at a stranger, or perhaps even a lame man, or tottering old woman.

The words "politeness" and "civility" show by their origin that they represent the manners supposed to prevail in cities, as the one word is formed from the Greek, the other from the Latin, word meaning city. But in the point here spoken of, we have to be taught "politeness" from the wilderness. And the lesson should be learned not merely from Indians or from Paris. It concerns something more than "gentlemanly" conduct, though that word implies a great deal. It is the Christian rule that teaches manners most completely, — the good manners that rise from a kind heart. "Do as you would be done by." Think, for a moment, whether you would like to be followed about, or stared at in this way. If you were visiting the Muskowgees, how would you like to be hunted about from one place to another by Indian boys with their tomahawks and war-paint and their native cries?

Or, imagine yourself the lame man trying to make his way through the crowd, or the old lady shrinking before the street-crossing. Would you like to be stared at in that way? Do to them what you would like to have done for yourself in such a case. If you can give any help, do so readily, but do not stop to "stare." If you do, you not only show that you have the ill-manners of a bore, and that you would be scoffed at by the elegant Parisian and the wild Indian, but you show too that you have forgotten you are a Christian, who is bound to think of others at least as much as he cares for himself.

WHAT ONE "DAYSPRING" DID.

IN a small town in Maine are three churches and three Sunday-schools; but as none of them enjoys sermons just like our Unitarian ones it follows that the "Dayspring" is not received in any of the schools.

One copy drifted last summer into the home of a church elder in the town, and he was much pleased in reading about a flower festival given by a Sunday-school near Boston; and he and his boys and girls and their summer visitors determined to have such a festival in their church. Evergreen crosses and green boughs and a profusion of flowers and wreaths decorated altar and gallery and column and doorway on the first Sunday of the next month; and the church was thronged with villagers to hear a very creditable programme of readings and songs, and recitations of texts, and a short address from the pastor. Soon after a second church gave a similar monthly concert.

A new spirit was awakened in all the schools, and more cheerful weekly exercises came unconsciously.

The marked improvement still continues in their Sunday-school methods, and the teachers now prepare public exercises for all the church holidays.

Moral. — Read and then circulate your "Daysprings."

E. R. B.

For The Dayspring.

TALKS ABOUT INSECTS.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

II.



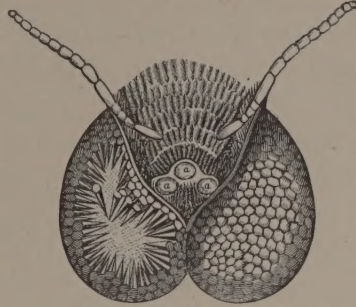
AFTER a supply of air and a circulation of the blood, the next important matter to a living creature is a "nervous system." This we may describe as the "telegraphic system" of the body, by which the desire for motion or rest is conveyed to the limbs. It is also the means of conveying to the brain information, by pain or otherwise, of the presence of dangerous or of pleasant surroundings. The fountain and centre of the system is the *brain*, which generally in insects is in the form of a small ring round the inside of the throat. From this ring there extends a double row of tiny threads along the whole length of the body, on the lower side. At certain distances these two threads are united by "double ganglions," as these knots of nerves are called; and from these knots are given off the fine nerve threads which pass to all parts of the body, and so bring every part into direct communication with the great centre, the brain.

No creature can live very long without a proper supply of food; and to make the food available to the needs of the body, a suitable *digestive apparatus* is necessary. In insects this is of wonderful construction, and is always specially adapted to the creature's mode of life and to the kind of food it is intended to eat. In the beetle tribe, and in many others, we find crop, gizzard, stomach, intestines, biliary vessels, and whatever organ is necessary to complete the process of digestion.

Having thus given you some idea of the interior arrangements of an insect, I must next pass to a description of its outward possessions; those parts of its body which attract our eye, and with which we become, to a certain extent, familiar, but about which, perhaps, we do not often think.

It has already been said that upon the head we find the "*organs of sensation*." Here we must seek, then, for the instruments by which insects *see*, *feel*, *taste*, *smell*, and *hear*. And now we enter upon a field that has not been at all thoroughly worked over; and much remains to be done before we can speak with any degree of certainty upon some of these points; so that frequently we shall have to say that certain things are "generally believed" to be the case, but wanting verification. And here, let me say, opens a large field for your investigation. There was a time when the most learned entomologist knew no more about insects than any of my readers; and the large amount of knowledge upon the subject which the world possesses has been accumulated by long and careful observation, often made by unlearned people, and with very poor apparatus to help them in their researches. Here, my young friends, is a way in which you may materially help the world. Try it.

First, let us speak of the *eyes* of insects. These are generally two in number; but some insects, in addition to the usual pair of eyes, have two or three extra ones, called "eyelets." But the *general pattern* (if we may so speak) of insects' eyes is known as "compound." You very well know the two reddish brown



HEAD AND EYES OF A BEE.

lumps on the head of the common house-fly. These are its eyes. When these are observed under a microscope, they are found to consist of a very large number of six-sided facets, each of which, on careful examination, is found to be a perfect eye, having its own independent connection with the optic nerve; and each one is set at a different angle, so that the insect can see in nearly every direction at the same time. Instead, therefore, of having only two eyes, as seems to be the case at first sight, according to Dr. Carpenter, in his new work on the Microscope, the common fly has 4,000, the cabbage-butterfly about 17,000, the dragon-fly 24,000, and the mordella-beetle



SECTION OF AN INSECT'S EYE.

25,000.

The two "horns" on the heads of insects, called "*antennæ*" are undoubtedly very delicate organs of *feeling*. They are generally jointed, and vary much in form and length; sometimes like simple threads, tapering from base to point; sometimes most beautifully plumed or branched.

That some insects *hear*, has been proved by experiment; and perhaps the *antennæ* are the organs of this sense, for little pits are said to have been found under the skin of these appendages, with little grains within, apparently acting upon the same principle as the interior bones of the ear of the higher animals; but at present this is quite uncertain.

We cannot doubt their power of *smelling*, but here again we cannot tell the organ, though it is believed to be differently situated in different insects; in some apparently being placed near the mouth; whilst in the cockroach the curious thread-like tails have been thought to be used for this purpose.

Then we cannot doubt that the sense of *taste* is present with many insects, though the organ is quite uncertain. In the butterfly tribe, the curious little spikes at the end of the *haustellum* (trunk) are believed to be the seat of this sense.

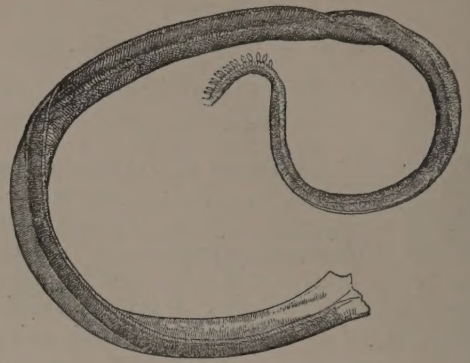
Among the organs of the head, the *mouth* presents a wonderful piece of mechanism. Some are furnished with powerful jaws for tearing the food; others with lancets and saws for cutting the skin of animals and plants that their possessor may obtain the juices, which are sucked up through suitable tubes. Others have long trunks, rolled up close to the head when not in use, but which can be instantly unfolded and dipped into the bell of a flower, to obtain the honey.

ANTENNA OF A SILKWORM MOTH.
(The small circle encloses the same about the natural size.)

The construction of the mouth of insects makes one of the bases of their classification; thus we have the *Mandibulata* (those which bite) and the *Haustellata* (those which suck). In the *Mandibulata* the mouth has two pairs of jaws, which work sideways; one pair called the mandibles, very powerful, and sometimes armed with strong, hooked points, sometimes with sharp-toothed edges, and used for tearing the food; the other pair, called "maxillæ," for holding the food and for conveying it to the interior of the mouth. There are also an upper lip (labrum) and a lower lip (labium), and other parts which we need not now mention.

These various instruments are used in feeding, as already described; but in some insects, as in the bees and wasps, they also constitute their "box of tools," coming into use as trowels, spades, pick-axes, saws, scissors, and knives, as occasion may require.

Like all the other organs of insects, these parts of the mouth are subject to very curious modifications, to meet the varying needs of their possessors; but in all, the parts named may be found in some form or other. One of the most remarkable of these changes, and a very good illustration of them, is found in the butterfly tribe, where the jaws seem to disappear, to make way for a long trunk, which is usually carried curled up close to the head, but which can be instantly uncoiled to be dipped into the bell of a flower to obtain the honey lying there. A careful examination shows all parts of the mouth to be present, though considerably modified in their relative sizes; and this trunk really consists of the maxillæ, much elongated, and locked together by means of minute teeth. Each side being concave where it meets the other, together they form a hollow tube; and the sucking process is facilitated by the presence of an air-tube down each side. This trunk is called the "haustellum."



HAUSTELLUM.

In the blood-sucking insects, like the gnat and the horse-fly, we find a sort of proboscis, formed by a prolongation of the lower lip; and between its base and the upper lip there are five lancets with sharp cutting-points or edges, of which the upper pair represents the mandibles, the lower ones the maxillæ, while the middle one is the tongue (ligula).



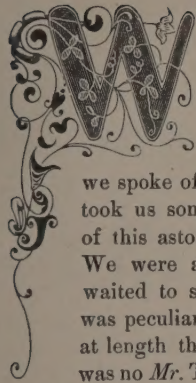
TONGUE AND PIERCING APPARATUS OF A DRONE FLY.

For The Dayspring.

OLD NEW ENGLAND CUSTOMS.

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY.

CHAPTER III.



WHETHER we were in Plymouth, Salem, or Boston, we noticed how our Puritan friends looked sharply at us when we spoke of *Mr. Thompson*, who was a farmer, or of *Mr. Smith*, who was a carpenter; when we spoke of *Mrs. Thompson* or *Mrs. Smith*. It took us some time before we learned the cause of this astonishment on the part of our friends. We were afraid to ask any questions, so we waited to see if any would inform us of what was peculiar about our language. It happened at length that we were plainly told that there was no *Mr. Thompson*; but Good-man Thompson and Good-wife Thompson, Good-man Smith and Good-wife Smith. If we wished, however, to speak of *Mr. Endicott*, who was Lieutenant-Governor, or of *Mr. Winthrop* or *Mr. Higginson*, the pastor, we might. When speaking of their wives, we might say *Mrs. Endicott*, *Mrs. Winthrop*, or *Mrs. Higginson*. We should have noticed all this without being told of it; but it was so foreign to our ideas we failed to do so. After this, we observed the custom, and spoke of *Good-man Thompson* and *Mr. Winthrop*.

In our company was a young man about eighteen years old. He had a very bad habit, that of smoking. It happened one day he was enjoying his smoke when the constable tapped him on the shoulder and asked him if he had a certificate and license. "A certificate for what?" asked our astonished companion. "Dost thou not know the law?" "Law! what law?" "No youth under twenty-one shall 'take any tobacco untill he hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in physick, that it is useful for him, and also that he hath received a lycense from the Courte for the same.'"

Our companion gave up his smoking until we got out of those places and those times. Better if he had given it up altogether.

This led to a conversation about the rights and duties of young people. And during the conversation we learned that bachelors were not held in high regard, and that the young women who did not spin as much flax or wool as the selectmen required were liable to be fined. Such ideas did not quite suit us, and we were about to express our opinions when our eyes caught sight of a stake which was sometimes used as a whipping-post, when people spoke disrespectfully of the law or magistrates. We thought all the same.

Then again, our feelings were still more excited when we were taken to task about our clothes. We had on our very best. We were asked if we were wealthy.

The answer was, "No, we are poor." It was thought we were dressed beyond our means; and the ever-watchful law of the Puritans did not permit people to dress beyond their means. The young women of our company were also reminded that their dress was too gay. The sleeves of their dresses did not go down to their wrists, but the law said they should. Some of the sleeves were more than an ell wide; this also was contrary to the law. The gay hats also were not becoming modest young women. These should wear hoods, which were not to be made of silk.

While engaged in this conversation about fashions, a book was handed us by our host. The title was a long one: "The Simple Cöbler of Agavam, in America, Willing to help mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered in the Upper Leather and the Sole." It was written by the Rev. Nathaniel Ward. "I honour the woman who can honour herself," says the author, "but as for a fashion hunter, I look at her as a very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing. . . . I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive how those women should have any true grace or valuable virtue, that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant bargesse, ill-shapen shoeten shell-fish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks. . . . It is no marvell they weare drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having as it seems in the front part but a few squirrils brains." That was enough—our company could stand no more. The book was put down with some energy. We cannot put on paper the looks given by the young women of the company, nor can we spell the sounds by which they expressed themselves. Sufficient to say, if *Mr. Ward* were to preach to-day, his audience would not be graced by the presence of the young women who read his opinions on dress.

We were about to take our leave when we were invited to remain to the wedding of one of the young women of the house where we had made our stay while in Salem. We gladly remained. And what a simple marriage it was. The magistrate and the minister came to the house. The magistrate did the marrying, while the minister did the praying. There was no ring, but a simple pledging of faith. After the ceremony and the congratulations, the horse, already saddled, was brought to the door. The young couple got on his back and rode off to the husband's home. We waved them "good-by," and sent after them a God-speed; then turning to John and Thomas, Patience, Faith, and Charity, we bade them good-by, and left New England.

Next time we shall write about our visit to New Amsterdam.

THOSE who think that money will do anything, may be suspected of doing anything for money.



DOING GOOD.

IN Boston boxes, like the one you see in the picture, are put up in the railroad stations and other places. What they are for may be seen at once, for on each box it says, "All books and papers left here will be sent to the hospitals." Many papers and magazines are put into these boxes every day. We need not say that many of the sick people in the hospitals are glad to read them. This little girl is putting a "Dayspring" or something else that she has read into one of the boxes, hoping that somebody will be as much interested in reading it as she has been.

This is a good way for children who live in cities to cheer the inmates of the hospitals, but there is another way in which children who live in the country can do it. It is by means of the Flower Mission. The first Flower Mission was formed in Boston thirteen years ago, and during this time it has distributed thousands of bunches of flowers, besides fruits, preserves, and other delicacies to the sick in the hospitals, and in their homes. Some of our Sunday-schools aid this mission by sending flowers every Monday morning, and many more have it in their power to do so. We hope they will engage in this good work at once. All railroads running into Boston carry baskets of flowers for the mission free.

There are other Flower Missions in other cities, and some of our Sunday-schools can aid them if they will. Every Sunday-school and every child can do something to help and cheer the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate. Let them study how to do it — and do it.

THE "Dayspring" can gradually be made into a book, as it comes to you month by month, by getting a *Common Sense Binder*. One of these Binders, large enough to hold the "Dayspring" for two years, can be obtained at the office of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society for fifty cents.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

T.

THE young folk used to know full well
A dance they called the *Tarantelle*,
Or *Tarantella*, — for the name
And music both from Italy came.
The Masters have set it in various ways,
And some of them are enough to craze
A plain, unlearned man like me,
Who can get no farther than *melody*.
But what (you will ask) has this to do
With insects? I will explain to you:
In the torrid climes, where most fierce things are,
Is a spider called the *Tarantula*.
The bite of this creature (the story goes)
Sets the blood all tingling down to the toes,
And makes one dance and whirl about,
Till the perspiration, streaming out,
Carries the poison off (they say),
And so the man dances his sickness away.
Old Quarles, who wrote long, long ago
(A poet few of you probably know),
Explains the thing in a different way:
The man (he undertakes to say)
Whom the Tarantula has bit
Falls into such a dancing-fit,
And spins so furiously and fast,
He dances himself to death at last.
And this he brings as a figure, to show
That the children of vanity do just so,
Who grow so giddy in pleasure's round,
That they find no rest above the ground,
But keep in a constant whirl, until
Their fluttering hearts in the grave are still.
Well, — whether old Quarles is right or wrong, —
This is the moral of my song:
The secret of peace is self-control, —
Peace of body and peace of soul.

C. T. B.

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